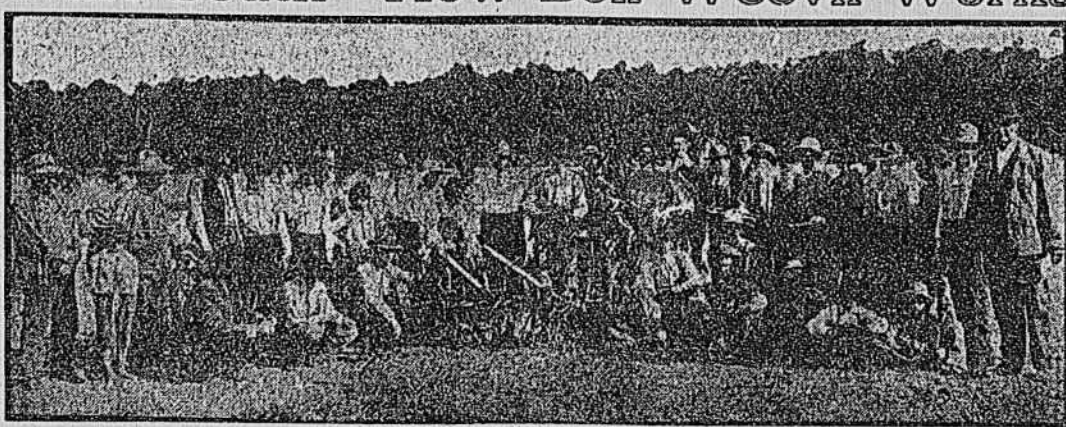


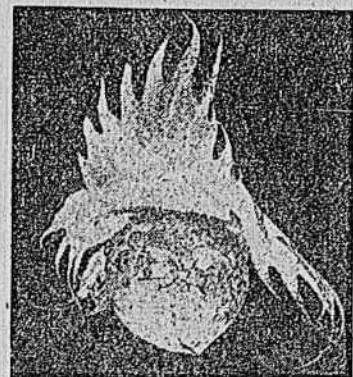
Uncle Sam and the Cotton Crop--Great Movement Which Affects Lifeblood of the South--How Boll Weevil Works



The new cotton planter versus the old. This is a demonstration plot.



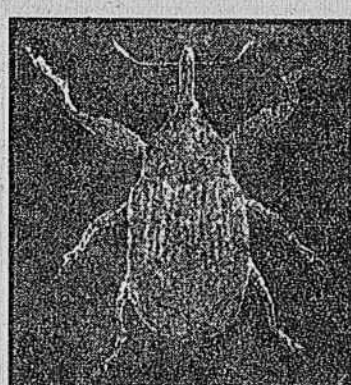
A FARMERS' CLUB OF ALABAMA.



Cotton boll, showing weevil at work.



DEMONSTRATION COTTON PLANTS. TAKEN NEAR NATCHEZ.



A BUG WHICH EATS GOLD.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
Washington, D. C.

I want to tell you how Uncle Sam has saved the cotton crop of the nation--how he has kept his children from bankruptcy and thereby prevented untold millions of human beings at home and abroad from going in rags. The story is one that deals not only with the South, but with our balance of trade. It affects the cotton factories of New England as well as those of great Britain and all parts of Europe. It affects the lifeblood of millions of women and children and the pocketbook of every man in the country.

It is the story of a plague greater than that of the locusts which ate up Pharaoh's Egypt, or of the grasshoppers which some years ago chewed the heart of "bleeding Kansas." It is the story of a bug not one-tenth the size of a man's finger nail, but which, uncontrolled, bade fair to scratch prosperity from the face of the best States south of the line of Mason and Dixon. It is the story of the boll weevil, and of how Uncle Sam's army of 75,000 demonstration farmers scattered over the cotton belt are fighting it and thereby bringing in an era of wealth the possibilities of which are beyond the wildest dreams of that land.

The triumph of King Cotton.
Have you ever thought how mighty King Cotton is? He is the richest

monarch on the face of the globe. He has an aggregate annual income, in raw material and goods, worth billions of dollars, and this is steadily growing in value. Our own share of the cotton crop has more than doubled within the past twenty years, and has quadrupled within the past fifty. If the present rate of increase continues, the demand will be twice as great within twenty years more, and by 1950 we shall be asked to supply more than 50,000,000 bales. This estimate is based on the world's consumption of cotton, of which we are bound to always be the chief factor. We are now making more than seven-tenths of the whole, and although England, Germany and Russia have been spending millions to compete with us, they have so far labored in vain. They have tried to develop new fields in Africa, Asia and elsewhere, but the climate and labor in those fields are

such that they have but little hope for the future.

There is some cotton made in India and Egypt in smaller amounts in Russian Turkistan, Brazil and China, but the total crop of the world the United States still produces a great deal more than two-thirds, and the prospect is that she will do that for all time to come. She would certainly do more if it were not for the boll weevil, and she can still do that, so the scientists of the Agricultural Department tell me, with the weevil to fight.

A Bug Which Eats Gold.

Before I go farther I want to tell you something about this little bug which eats gold faster than the mercury used in our smelters. I saw one during a visit to the Agricultural Department this afternoon. It was inclosed in a glass bottle no bigger around than a lead pencil, and not an inch long. It is not as large as a flea, and it is, in fact, a little greenish-gray creature, about a quarter of an inch long, with a miniature snout of the same character as that of a razor-back hog. It is really a beetle, which breeds in the pods and seeds of the cotton plant, and which seems to feed alone upon it. It is a cunning creature, and to use a vulgar expression, is "right on the job." It has small wings, and it flies upon the cotton boll when just about forming. It bores a hole in the pod with its snout, and then turns around and lays its eggs in that hole. It now takes some wax or gum and smears over the hole, closing it tight. By and by the eggs hatch into worms, and they eat out the heart of the boll, so that it falls to the ground. The worms continue to eat and within a short time grow into weevils just like their mothers. They, in turn, lay their eggs in more bolls of cotton, increasing so rapidly that in one season a single family will become 15,000,000.

Our Greatest Mexican Invasion.

There has been wild talk about an army of Japanese joining with the Mexicans and invading the United States. The greatest Mexican invasion, and the most serious invasion, is that of this little bug, which came in from Mexico in 1892. It then crossed the Rio Grande and began to increase its army at the expense of the cotton crop. You remember Cadmus, who showed the teeth of a dragon, whereupon a regiment of armed men sprang from the soil. It is the same with the boll weevil, only its regiments come up by billions. They continue to hold every foot of ground that they take, and, increasing by geometrical ratio, they march onward, conquering every year a strip of territory which is seventy-five or more miles wide.

I have before me a map prepared by the United States Bureau of Entomology, which marks out the lines of advancement. In 1892 the boll weevil had infected a short strip in South Texas. In 1893 it had moved farther north and west and continued its progress each year until, in 1906, aided by the storms and winds, which brought about the Galveston flood, it had spread far beyond that city and was eating its way into the heart of the cotton belt.

A year later it had attacked a portion of Louisiana and now it has covered almost the whole of the Texas cotton plantations and cut deep into the heart of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. It has jumped the Mississippi and is ravaging the States east of that river. It is beginning to lay waste Southern Alabama, and it is now eating the best cotton-growing regions of Georgia, Alabama and Florida, from where it will go on into the Carolinas as well.

The scientists tell me that it is bound to proceed and that some of the States which yet free from it have been raising funds to fight it. South Carolina has already devoted \$10,000 to getting ready for it; the Alabama Legislature has set aside a fund of \$25,000 to teach the farmers how to fight it, and the General Education Board of New York is putting out through the Agricultural Department at Washington, \$15,000 this year to prepare Georgia against its attacks.

In quantity and money than ever before.

Had there been no boll weevil and had the same methods been used throughout the whole cotton belt, our crop would have been doubled and we should now be producing as much as 20,000,000 bales and upward a year. This is the estimate of the late Dr. Seaman Knapp, the father of the co-operative demonstration work of the Agricultural Department throughout the South, which has proved the salvation of the country.

Before Dr. Knapp and his agents had shown the planters what might be done in cotton raising, notwithstanding the weevil, the farmers were in despair. They had been raising only cotton, and the weevil became the terror of millions. The planters thought it was impossible to fight it, and a man who had lost a big plantation said it was proof against anything under the sun. At one of the conventions he said he had put a weevil in a bottle of alcohol which was 95 per cent. pure and left it there for two hours. At the end of that time he took it out and put it on the table and it was only staggering drunk. He then sealed a handful of the insects in a tin can and laid it upon a brush heap, which was set on fire. The flame melted the solder from the can and the red hot weevils flew out and burned down his barn.

Has Cost Millions.

Speaking seriously, however, the department estimates that the weevil has already cost us millions of bales of cotton and many millions of dollars. It has annually cost Texas more than twenty millions for a series of years, and it is now ravaging the States farther East.

Take Mississippi, for instance, the southern part of which State is now weevil covered. In 1906 the cotton crop of Adams county amounted to 23,000 bales, and it was more than 20,000 in 1907. Then the weevil flew in, and in 1909 the yield dropped to 1,700 bales. The tenant farmers and laborers left the fields in gangs, and to-day lands can be bought there for a song. It is the same in some counties in Louisiana. In Pointe Coupee 50,000 bales of cotton, which, including the seed, were worth over \$5,000,000, were raised in 1906, and the crop of 1907, amounting to 41,000 bales, was worth about \$3,000,000. Then the boll weevil came, and in 1909 the crop fell to 3,300 bales, or to something like \$200,000. These figures give you some idea of what this deadly bug does under the old cotton-raising conditions.

There is another feature of the situation, however, which must be mentioned. In most parts of the cotton belt cotton was the only crop. The planter relied upon it for the money with which he bought everything else. He imported his corn from the North and his pork came from the store. He sent abroad for his mules, and, with the exception of perhaps a few vegetables, raised nothing but cotton. Moreover, he did the most of his farming on credit, getting the storekeeper or planter for whom he worked to furnish him his supplies for the winter.

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ter, the same to be paid out of the cotton when it was picked. When the weevil wiped out the cotton he had nothing to fall back upon, and starvation stared the greater part of the population in the face.

What Uncle Sam Did.

This was the situation when Uncle Sam, Patriarch, in the person of his agent, the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, began to instruct the farmer how to fight this terrible bug and still make money out of his land. Dr. Knapp's plan was to teach us how to control the weevil as far as possible from season to season, and by the proper selection of seed and by deep plowing and harrowing to produce plants which would yield more cotton, or, rather enough to feed the necessary weevil and leave something to spare. His motto was, "Double the crop by good farming," or, rather, raise the same crop on half of the land.

The plan also provided for diversified farming, to make the farmer raise all of his own supplies, all his farm animals and their feed, and to have one patch which should be planted to cotton to furnish the cash for the family. This last fitted in with the conditions, for the boll weevil destroys credit wherever it goes and the farmers are compelled to raise other things in order to live.

75,000 Demonstration Farms.

The work began in Texas in 1904, and it has now spread throughout the South. The government has 550 agents in the cotton belt, and more than 75,000 demonstration farms, upon which the agents, under the weekly direction of these agents and their assistants, are raising cotton after government methods. In the boll weevil region there are county clubs of such farmers, and the stories of the success of their members have taken the place of politics as a topic of conversation.

The government agent selects, as far as possible, the best farmers, and asks them to plant out an acre of cotton at some conspicuous place on their estates. It is, if possible, at a cross-roads, or at least near some road, so that the people may see the results as they go by. A sign marking the spot as a government farm is put up, and this place is visited by the farmers for miles around and the operations are fully watched. At the start the farmers are always skeptical, and it is difficult to get them to make the experiment. After the first year, however, the agents are able to show the demonstration farms multiplying in hundreds of counties this work has revolutionized the methods of farming, and the men who were practically bankrupt have become rich. The deposits and new banks have been started in nearly all such regions.

The credit system is on the decline. The planters are raising their own supplies, and with many of them the cotton receipts are almost all clear gain.

A Talk With Government Agents.

We are anxious to have a long talk with Uncle Sam's agents who have been in charge of this co-operative demonstration farm work for the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture. Each has his own territory, and he is in a position to move about from State to State and county to county, superintending the demonstrators and their hundreds of agents. These men are W. B. Mercer and H. E. Savely, both of Mississippi. They tell me that they are raising more cotton than ever before in the sections where the demonstration work is, and that last year, on 83,000 acres, which were cultivated under such directions, a total of 72,000,000 pounds of seed cotton was raised, making an average of 860 pounds to the acre in North Carolina, where there is no weevil as yet, 3,300 pounds of seed cotton have been raised on one acre, making a crop which, with lint and seed, was worth \$195. These demonstration farms have shown a mighty increase in production over all others about where the old methods of farming were used, and in most localities the year showing a profit of \$15 per acre over that of their neighbors.

In one of the worst weevil districts F. L. Maxwell, of Louisiana, grew 350 pounds of lint to the acre on a plantation of 2,000 acres, and this on land which is said to be especially favorable to weevil production.

Converting an Old Farmer.

This demonstration work is revolutionizing the South. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the very best farmers to make the experiments. The agents pick out those who are noted for their success and common sense and ability. In many cases they persuade the older planters to engage in the work, and that with great difficulty. Take, for instance, one old Georgia farmer, who had been

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These coats are made of finest quality linens, serges and pongees; full 54 inches long; made with the new sailor collars and the new sleeves with cuffs; sizes 32 to 44. Not a Coat in this lot worth less than \$10.00. Monday, \$4.98.

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What to Do for a Sickly Child--Trial Free

Many a mother has written thanks after following these suggestions

It has always been a mooted question just what to do with an ailing child, for mothers disagree and few doctors specialize in it. But this much is certain, that in the majority of cases faulty bowel movement is at the bottom of the trouble.

The first thing, then, to do with a complaining child is to give it a laxative, not a mere fruit-stew or such thing, but a genuine scientific laxative. Many are recommended, but few have been found worthy. Among the latter none stands out more prominently than Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which mothers in all parts of the country have used for a generation. It can be obtained of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. No child will refuse it, as it is not a bad-tasting and violent pill, but a mild, gentle, non-gripping liquid.

Dr. Caldwell does not feel that the purchase of his remedy ends his obligation. He has specialized in stomach, liver and bowel diseases for over forty years, and will be pleased to give the read any advice on the subject free of charge. All are welcome to write him. Whether for the medical advice or the free sample address him Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 541 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill.

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